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SCOTT C. BONE, Editor.

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SUNDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1909.

India and Democracy.

To the student of politics, no events of recent years afford him more interest and grounds for speculation than do the political unrest and, in some instances, the definite political movements of Asiatic peoples—all signifying a demand of the masses for a share, in some form, in the governing body.

Within the span of five years, the remaining autocracies of the world—except, perhaps, China—those at least occupying distinct places in the family of nations—Russia, Turkey, and Persia—have retreated before the rising tide of democracy, and have granted to their respective peoples some measure of self-government. In the cases of Turkey and Persia, this brought in its train the downfall of Sultan and Shah, and their successors take their places with impaired power, and, it is to be hoped, a consciousness that the permanency of their dynasties depends upon their recognition of the fact that kings, no less than presidents, retain their positions by the consent of the governed. Even a German Emperor has been taught that the doctrine of the divine right of kings has no longer any place in the world's policies, and that the ministers of government, responsible to the people's legislature, and not he, are the mouthpieces of a people's will.

And India, too, has awakened. No longer supine and fettered with the chains of caste, her 300,000,000 people—Brahman, Buddhist, and Mohammedan—have felt the magical power of Demos. Their muttered demands for political freedom have been heard in England, and a secretary of state for India, who received his political training under the leadership of that statesman of the Victorian era whose public career may be said to be the history of the political emancipation of the period, has heeded them. To John Morley the future historian of India must point as the man who laid the foundations of a government for that country, based upon the theory the denial of which cost England her American colonies. For he has formulated a modification of the scheme of government for India whereby there is admitted to the provincial and supreme legislative councils of that empire native members elected by the people. It is not to be understood that this transfers the power of government to the people of India. Far from it. But it does mean that the thin edge of the wedge of self-government has been driven in, and the East Indian standing on the threshold of a new era for his country, may know that if he will but completely shake off the worn-out garments of superstition and false aristocratic ideals, there will most certainly come to him that full measure of political responsibility that makes men and nations.

Less than five years ago a student of the administration of tropical dependencies, and a man whose criticisms of our rule in the Philippine Islands President Taft much respected, wrote of the problem of the government of India that "in its broadest terms it has been that of uniting under one general rule a dense population distributed over an immense area, and richly endowed with every attribute which makes for political and social disintegration. In no part of the world have differences of race and religion, operating throughout the span of human history, produced a complexity of interests, a rivalry of ambitions, an intensity of caste prejudice at all comparable with those which exist in India." If these generalizations be accurate, Morley has embarked upon an experiment fraught with much danger both to England and India. But it is unlikely. English statesmen have learned through bitter experiences that they cannot ignore the just aspirations of those peoples whose political destinies they have undertaken to guide.

And certainly, with nearly 150 years of governing India, some lessons have been learned. Enough, it is to be hoped, so that it may never be said again of that government, as Burke once said of it, "It is a vulgar thing."

Needed Rules of the Air.

The ethics of automobiling are still in process of evolution, but a distinct advance has been made in penalizing "joy-riding" by chauffeurs as larceny, and also in disciplining and training chauffeurs in their duties. Next there must be constructed a code for the government of aeronautics. The foreign offices and the fiscal departments of several governments are giving needed attention to the crossing of frontiers, to smuggling by aeronauts, and to the possible flight of criminals in airships.

But there are other aspects of aeronautics, whether as a business or as a sport, that invite attention. The long guide-rope is a necessary appendage to the ordinary balloon. But as it drags, this rope may damage trees, or growing crops, or knock down chimneys. Already the voyagers of the air in Europe are reporting that they hear while passing over it the cries and imprecations of angry peasants, and in this country aggrieved farmers have been known to take chance shots at passing balloons. The guide-rope has also been known to break telegraph wires, causing serious inconvenience. Then the complaints increase of descending showers of sand ballast. Thus the need of some forms of regulation becomes apparent, and perhaps the necessity may be the mother of legal invention. Certainly the rights of the staid earth dwellers must be protected if the art of aviation is to increase.

The Democracy of Title.

Says the New Orleans States:

"Every male child born in Georgia is a colonel and sprouts his proud title simultaneously with his chin whiskers; hence any man residing in the State who is not a colonel may be set down as a stranger to the clime."

The States uses this as the text for an editorial broadside leveled at Georgia and Kentucky, because of the prolific production of colonels therein. This would seem to be treason right at Dixie's very front door, to be sure, but we elect to pass that reprehensible phase of the question for the time being. We have heard the States' specific impeachment before. The Georgia colonel and his Bluegrass relative have figured too long in facetious song and story not to be used to ridicule from the galleries and guffaws from the unthinking. They do not seem to care particularly, however. They continue to sip their traditional mint juleps—prohibition laws notwithstanding—and they are very happy, indeed, so far as we are able to observe.

Let us seek the rational point of view and see if, after all, these natural-born colonels are not true democrats. If every male person of white persuasion in these States becomes a colonel automatically with the casting of his first vote, say, is not all distinction of rank and title at once and forever swept away and a common level of worthy humanity established? It seems to be a fact that the title of colonel is highly prized and honorably cherished down South. No criminal ever dares to wear it; no gentleman to the manner born scorns to attach it proudly by way of prefix to his family name.

Suppose every man in any given clime were a duke, or a prince, or a king. All would be peers—nothing more. And "peers" means "equals;" it was never intended to mean anything else. No man, moreover, possibly can be anything whatever grand, gloomy, or peculiar in this world save in comparison with and relative to somebody else made up along different lines. What would be the glory in being a duke if every other person in the neighborhood were a duke, too? Per contra, what would be the loss in not being a duke if nobody else were a duke?

Really, there is reason to argue that Georgia and Kentucky have sounded the very keynote of genuine democracy. Every citizen is a colonel, hence no citizen is higher or lower in the natural or artificial order of things than any other citizen. To us, the scheme appears to possess considerable merit.

History or Myth.

With a controversy raging over the location of Shakespeare's Globe Theater; with the Italians claiming credit for the discovery of the Hudson by one of their countrymen; with adherents of a dozen claimants for the honor of having invented the steamboat inopportunely pressing their claims; with the courts about to decide the priority of aeroplane inventions, where can the historian find peace?

We are asked to admit that William Tell did not shoot the apple from his son's head, that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, that Bell did not invent the telephone, that the Chinese never built the great wall, that Darwin did not develop the theory of evolution, that Cleopatra was homely, that Morse did not send the first message over a wire, that Gutenberg did not run the first printing press, that Nero could not play a fiddle, that Columbus did not discover America—but why continue? The list is without end.

Now arises the question in the mind of a writer in the New York Post as to what of history, and how do we know history when we see it. If Dr. Cook and Commander Peary cannot decide on the discoverer of the north pole, and if the matter is not settled to the satisfaction of the present generation, how can those who come several hundred years later be expected to know the truth? How can historians write of the battle of Santiago if the public holds a different view from the naval authorities and each finds defenders in print?

History is made by rapid-fire action. Battles are not fought deliberately and with a view to allowing the scribe to set down in order every event as it transpires. Even in a ball game it is necessary to know the decision of the umpire or one could not keep score; for personal opinion differs on such things as the credit of a hit or the giving of an error.

Newspaper reporters often make history. They go after the facts and get the facts as far as it is possible. But did you ever tell of some remarkable scene you had witnessed and then listen to the description of the same incident by another eyewitness? The hearer of both reports oftentimes would not know that the same incident was being described except for the fact that he was given the outline. As for the details, they may be diametrically opposed. Go to a court room while a jury trial is in progress and note the discrepancies in the testimony of the witnesses. All this is making history, and all history gets so much local color that the line of demarcation between truth and fancy, fact and fiction, between actual occurrences and what the observer took to be happenings, is faint and often entirely obliterated.

If a reporter gets nine out of ten statements correct, he is probably doing far better than one untrained for the work could do. If you find a report in a reliable paper, the chances are that it is as accurately gathered and written as most of the evidence presented in court. The reporter is as careful in the preparation of his "copy" as the pastor is in the pulpit, or as the lawyer before a jury. He is far more guarded than the speaker, except one on scientific subjects. "Put yourself in his place" and you will not be anxious to be a newspaper reporter or a historian.

Have you been button-holed by the wise man who can sit down with a pencil and an old envelope and demonstrate just how both Peary and Cook could have "faked up" their north pole stories? Well, if you have not, he is on your trail, and he will get you sooner or later. And when you do get together, go as far as you like!

Possession of a corkscrew has not yet been made presumptive evidence of intent to commit a felony in Alabama, but if you think it nonsense to suspect that it may be, you have not been reading the late news from down South—that's all.

Complaint is made that Kansas farmers spend too much money outside of Kansas. There it goes again! The Kansas farmer cannot be permitted really to enjoy his unparalleled prosperity, it appears.

Enter Mr. William Randolph Hearst into the mayoralty mix-up over in Gotham! Whatever else this may or may not mean, it certainly means anything but a dull time ahead.

Prof. Metchnikoff says "man may live as long as Methuselah." Mr. John D. Rockefeller probably is the only man who could stand the expense, however.

Italy imported nearly $3,000,000 worth of cotton-seed oil from this country last year. People who have been quaking in their boots for fear the Italian olive oil crop may fail this year should brace up.

Scientists tell us we shall brush through the tip of the comet's tail next May. Let us hope no thoughtless person will tie a tin can to it.

Capt. Archie Butt just did speak in time. They were preparing a banquet for Mr. Taft, in San Antonio, at which chili con carne, enchilados, frijoles, tortillos, and other horrible dishes of like persuasion were to be served abundantly.

Mr. Peary says he found the north pole "a wilderness of white tinged with a sapphire tone." Matt Henson will experience some difficulty explaining how he came to be a sapphire tone.

Poor man! He is hard put to it sometimes to decide which he will do with his spare change—buy an extra pound of sirloin steak or ride a few blocks in a taxicab.

The four-hundredth anniversary of the landing of Ponce de Leon in Florida is to be celebrated soon. Mr. de Leon is known in history as the man who conducted the wildest goose chase ever.

Gov. Comer, of Alabama, recently expressed his distinct and open disapprobation of United States Judge Thomas G. Jones' decisions. The higher United States courts, however, still reserve to themselves the actual right to reverse the culprit's opinions.

"This beautiful weather is all right," says the Charlotte Chronicle. A safe, sane, and indisputable observation.

A number of contemporaries are greatly agitated over the report that it is against the law to draw a bank check for an amount less than $1. Why should editors take this thing so much to heart?

"It was really not necessary for Admiral Dewey to say that the American Navy is not a bluff," says the Baltimore Star. No, indeed! The admiral is a living, breathing monument to the exact contrary.

No wonder it gets on former Senator Platt's nerves. He never could bear a real, genuine racket inside the Republican party lines until after the day he "accidentally made" Theodore Roosevelt—and then he had to.

"Parsons appears determined to camp on the trail of the Danville man," says the Terre Haute Tribune. Maybe so, of course. It seems to us we have heard similar statements before, however—we forget the names of all the parties making them.

"In a chestnut tree felled on James T. Brinker's farm at Jacksonville, N. J., there was found a bird's nest containing Mrs. Brinker's engagement ring that disappeared fifteen years ago. There were ten other rings in the nest, stickpins and a gold brooch. The first love letter Brinker sent to his wife when he was courting her was also in the nest," says the Atlanta Georgian. It is painfully evident that the proprietor of this nest was a cute little lyre bird.

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Mr. La Follette's Persistency.

From the Birmingham Age-Herald.

Senator La Follette evidently believes in industrious insurgency. He insurges daily.

Mr. Taft at Nature's Heart.

From the Boston Herald.

Mr. Taft likes to enjoy nature's beauties. No brass band or cavalry escort for the woods party.

Mr. Bryce's Degrees.

From the Springfield Republican.

Mr. Bryce made his usual haul of a degree at the Lowell inauguration. He may not even yet have the longest list of any man alive.

Mr. Hitchcock's Ambition.

From the Chicago Post.

It is the ambition of Postmaster General Hitchcock to cut down the expenses of his department and to make it more nearly self-supporting.

Mr. Parsons' Suspicion.

From the New York Sun.

The fact that he had been refused a desired committee appointment might lead Mr. Parsons to suspect a national conspiracy was not extraordinary.

Mr. Gaynor Tammanyized.

From the New York Mail.

Justice Gaynor is for Tammany and with Tammany, and he is for and with nobody else. He has given the independents that inclined toward him notice to quit, but even before he did so they had begun serving notice of intention to quit upon him.

Mr. Cannon Aids Democracy.

From the Kansas City Star.

Cannon and Aldrich and their blind or culpable followers did far more for the Democracy in that session than the Democratic members did. If the Republican House majority is lost in next year's election it will not be the fault of the insurgents, but of the reactionaries.

The President's Disclosure.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

The funds were to be reimbursed by payments for the irrigated lands, but the President now discloses the fact that it is necessary to borrow $10,000,000 to complete the pending projects. It will probably be found that the collections from irrigated lands will not take care of the expense of irrigation.

Mr. Bryan and Daughter.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Mr. Bryan has let it be understood that he wishes to have a woman represent Colorado in Congress, and, furthermore, his own daughter is to be that woman. It remains to be seen whether the distinguished prestige of Mr. Bryan will sufficiently impress the Democratic convention to secure the nomination for a member of his family.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

MENTAL PABULUM.

In picking out your food for thought
From all the bookish jam,
Adapt your mood to worth food,
And try a little Lamb.

Or if that doesn't suit your taste,
Then make another grab.
From out the books in dusty nooks
Select a little Crabbe.

And if the books are culled with care
And disregard of pelf,
Why, bear in mind you'll always find
Some Bacon on the shelf.

The Bull Fight.

"Yes; I went to a bull fight while abroad."

"How was it? Anybody gored?"

"No; everybody bored."

Of Course.

"Let's look at those new dress goods."

"I dont' like to bother the clerks when I have no excuse for not buying."

"Well, can't we ask for some shade that doesn't exist?"

Crowded Out.

When floods of truly newsy stuff
Deluge the press,
The Balkan states are wise enough
To quarrel less.

Paucity of Ideas.

"'Tis one of the saddest things about married life."

"What is?"

"The fact that the wife can't think of anything new for dinner, and the husband, while dissatisfied, can't suggest anything."

Why She Struggled.

"That girl you rescued struggled a good bit," said the man on the boardwalk.

"Seems I was the wrong rescuer," said the man on the beach. "The chap for whose benefit she was sinking kindly explained matters just now."

In Gotham Town.

"Don't rubber at the high buildings, Uncle Josh. People will take you for a hayseed."

"Not nowadays, son. I may be looking for an airship, and even the blase New Yorker does that."

GROG TIME.

An Important Feature of Daily Routine on British Man-o'-war.

From Shipping Illustrated.

The presence in these waters of four British armored vessels calls attention to one of the important functions in the daily life of the British bluejacket, namely, grog time. Grog is composed of rum and water, and is served daily to the bluejackets on all British war ships. Dutchmen and Germans have their beer, Frenchmen and Italians their wine, but the British "handyman" gets grog, the same as his forefather in the days of Nelson. The grog barrel is generally a very elaborate affair, embellished with mottoes, "God Save the King" being most in favor. To be deprived of grog is one of the punishments meted out for serious breaches of discipline and one that is keenly felt by the culprit.

Bluejackets who do not indulge in spirituous beverages are allowed a small amount of money in lieu of grog, but abstaining from grog for several days in order to draw a large quantity with intemperate motives is made impossible by the regulation that grog must be drawn daily and that no more than a daily ration may be served at any time.

Grog was served in the American navy in the days preceding the civil war, and while its re-establishment has seldom been urged, prominent admirals have of late recommended that the canteen be allowed to sell nonspirituous liquors in moderate quantities. This would tend to promote temperance rather than otherwise, as sailors who use stimulants and are constrained to total abstinence for a long time are more than likely to indulge immoderately as soon as they set foot on shore. Whatever arguments may be advanced pro and con, however, grog time is certainly the most picturesque function in the daily routine of a British war ship, and one that a stranger will keenly enjoy upon first sight.

Puritan Ballot Box Stuffer.

From the Boston Transcript.

It is not necessary to give up our pious faith in the superior political morality of our forefathers when we learn that even in the first generation of Bostonians was found a ballot box stuffer. The same record which reveals this breaks records also its instant repudiation and punishment. It was on the 14th day of January, 1855, twenty-five years after the settlement of Boston, according to the quaint records preserved of the Kings Chapel, that a referendum was held as to whether a part of the land should be alienated. The old chronicle runs: "The inhabitants proceeded to bring in their votes, and when the selectmen were receiving 'em at at the door of the hall they observed one of the inhabitants, viz., John Pigeon, to put in about a dozen with the word you wrote on all of 'em, and being charged with so doing, he acknowledged it, and was thereupon ordered by the moderator to pay a fine of five pounds for putting in more than one vote according to law, and the moderater, thereupon declared to the inhabitants that they must withdraw and bring in their votes again in manner as before directed, and the inhabitants accordingly withdrew and the votes being brought in and sorted it appeared that there was 402 votes, and that there were 205 yeas and 197 nays."

Gross Mismanagement.

From the Electra (Tex.) News.

A man will, on a rainy day, take a $3 gun, walk fifteen miles, and shoot 15 cents worth of ammunition at a 2-cent bird, while his gates at home have no hinges, his fences are down, and his stock has no shelter. He will walk half a mile to a neighbor's house and stop him from work to tell him how to do certain things on the farm, while his crop is in the grass and weeds, and just before leaving he will remark that the country is going to the dogs. He will quit his crop during the busy season to come to town to buy tobacco, and tell what kind of a legislature it requires to bring prosperity. He will contend that it is too costly to raise hogs, and then feed six worthless dogs the year around, and buy bacon thin enough to make suspenders out of, and pay 12 to 15 cents a pound for it. If one owns a home, there is something always on hand to be done at all times.

Just as Well, Any Way.

From the San Antonio Express.

If, as Dr. Eliot contends, there is no hell, we might just as well make up our minds to love our enemies instead of telling them where to go.

Boiled Things, Too.

From the Boston Transcript.

Salesman—Shirt, sir. Will you have a neglige or a stiff bosom?

Customer—Neglige, I guess. The doctor said I must avoid starchy things.

Your Light.

Whatever you do that isn't quite right,
Don't stand in your light,
Don't stand in your light;
Tread on the others with all of your might,
Keep your poor neighbors awake half of the night,
Squeeze, if you can, unmercifully tight;
But whatever you do that isn't quite right,
Don't stand in your light,
Don't stand in your light.

—Joe Cone, in the Boston Herald.

PEOPLE AND THINGS

Oregon's New Plan.

A new plan of State government has been devised in Oregon. It would give the governor great power. He may appoint and remove all executive commissioners and officers, including sheriffs and district attorneys. It would create a board of inspectors, to be elected without regard to party, and to devote itself to reporting upon the work of State and local government. These reports would be published in a quarterly gazette. The plan amends the initiative and referendum law to the extent that an initiative measure shall be submitted to the legislature for enactment before going to the people at a general election. It forbids "log-rolling" and "secret methods" in legislation and fixes the salary of legislators at $300 a year, regardless of the length of the session. It is further proposed to revolutionize county government by providing for the election of a county board of directors, who shall employ a business manager invested with authority over county affairs. A final feature relates to the courts, and is intended to simplify procedure, reduce the number of technical appeals, and limit the printing of Supreme Court decisions to those possessing general interest.

Where Belshazzar Feasted.

German excavators in the ruins of Babylon have been looking over Nebuchadnezzar's palace. The ancient city is buried beneath the remnants of superimposed buildings, but the tomb of the old civilization has been made to yield its secrets. There has been found the great oblong hall, with an alcove for the throne, where Belshazzar held the famous feast and heard the warning voice of the prophet. Many relics of those precursors of the modern public dinner have been discovered. The architecture of those days seems to have been mighty. One of the outer walls of the palace was more than twenty-four yards thick. But in those days time was indeed made for slaves and there were no unions of building trades and presumably no strikes, at least up to the one led by Moses in Egypt against making bricks without straw.

Books and Work for Boys.

A new experiment is to be tried in the public schools of Chicago. A class of boys will be divided into pairs. One of them will work for some employer for one week, and then will go to school for a week, changing places with his partner. Some of the more philanthropically inclined of the employers who are parties to the plan have agreed to pay the boys in their employ full time, even while they are in school. It is proposed to teach the pupils in these classes along the lines of elementary industrial courses which will train them in their vocations, as well as provide them with a general schooling. This experiment seems to have the merit of helping boys who are willing to help themselves.

Teaching Household Arts.

Columbia University has opened a school of household arts, to be housed in a new building, costing $500,000, contributed by an anonymous giver. The courses already established have been successful and have been increased. There is a wide demand for the publications of the college. A new department is that of foods and cookery. The student will take up the systematic study of the physical and chemical principles in the preparation of food in the interest of nutrition, economy, efficiency, and attractiveness. The department of biology and physical education will co-operate in providing courses in physiology, bacteriology, and hygiene. There is a new department of household arts and another of textiles and needle work, while the study in hospital economy will be extended.

Gold in Siberia.

Gold is known to exist in many districts of Siberia. The enterprising American is on the ground. Rich discoveries are reported on the coast in a territory as large as California and Oregon. It is asserted that this field will prove as rich as Dawson and Nome. The find is near the mouth of the Aqatir River, which is about 100 miles directly west across the water from Nome. An American is one of the chief promoters. The company is reported to have its headquarters at St. Petersburg. The output of gold alone from the various Siberian mines for the year 1907 was valued at about $26,000,000.

An Ancient Hospital.

It is believed that the first hospital built in America was that erected by Cortez in the City of Mexico in 1524. It was endowed out of revenues obtained from the properties conferred on him by the Spanish crown for his services in the conquest of Mexico. The endowment was so arranged that it still exists and is paid at the present day. A supervisor is named by the lineal descendant of Cortez at present. In this hospital women occupied positions as nurses and physicians, and in their care were all cases of obstetrics and women's diseases. Considerable was known by the Indians of medicine. The Mexican Hospital is a fine building, with arcades and courtyard.

Speaker Cannon Tells One.

From Harper's Weekly.

"My friend Woollen—William Wesley Woollen," said Speaker Cannon—"was starting on a trip to Europe. He needed a steamer rug in a hurry, and telephoned for one to be sent to his house. The clerk took the order, but couldn't understand the name.

"'Spell it out,' he said, 'and I'll write it down.'

"So Woollen started.

"'W.,' said he.

"'Yes,' said the clerk.

"'W.'

"'Yes.'

"'W.'

"'Ye-es.'

"'Double o.'

"'Y-e-es.'

"'Double l.'

"'Say,' interrupted the clerk, 'what do you think you are—twins?'"

GREETINGS FROM VIRGINIA.

From the Petersburg (Va.) Index-Appeal.

The Washington Herald was three years old yesterday, but so rapid has been its growth, so wholesome has been its influence, and so great has been its success that it seems to have been with us much longer—indeed, all the time. From the very first it took its place in the front rank of American journalism, and won instant recognition as one of the ablest and strongest newspapers in the country. Long life and continued success to The Washington Herald!

Blackstone, Va., Oct. 8.

The Washington Herald:

Birthday greetings. Your phenomenal success only commensurate with just deserts.

W. A. LAND, Courier.

CHANDLER VS. DICKINSON.

Former Senator Comments Upon War Secretary's Southern Policy.

William E. Chandler, in the Concord (N. H.) Evening Monitor.

Secretary of War Dickinson, in a speech at Nashville, Tenn., on September 23, adopted a new plan of reconstruction, differing from that placed in the Constitution of the United States at the close of the "war between the States," as it is at the end of nearly half a century pleasant to call the slaveholders' rebellion. His plan is to abolish negro suffrage in the Southern States in return for efforts to abolish the lynchings of negroes.

This is his enactment:

I.

No negroes are to be appointed to office in the South.

II.

The white people are solely to govern.

III.

Inferentially—the colored voters are to be deprived of suffrage to any appreciable extent, but the 10,000,000 of colored people are to continue to be the basis on which the white voters at the South are to possess fifty electoral votes and fifty Representatives in Congress.

In return for this destruction of the principles of political equality, without regard to race, color or previous condition of servitude, as now declared by the Constitution, there is to be at the South:

IV.

"A government of law and not of passion," lynchings are to be abolished and the colored people are to be protected in their property rights.

To what extent President Taft is committed to this new scheme of reconstruction, Secretary Dickinson does not state. Whether the fifteenth amendment is to be formally changed or only silently abandoned by the North as a guarantee of impartial suffrage, while the South, in its own approved and noble methods, sees to it that the amendment is in fact nullified, does not appear. Time will tell. Meantime, the Republicans of the country, including the colored voters, can think over the plan of the able and courageous Secretary of War.

A QUESTION OF BAIT.

Is It Wiser for a Beggar to Leave Few Pennies or Many in His Hat?

From the New York Sun.

"One thing that I've never been able to settle in my mind to my own satisfaction," said a street beggar whose specialty is sitting on a step and holding out his hat to passersby, "is the question of how many pennies it is wise to have in the hat for people to see as they go by. Of course, you understand there are two theories of this; working on one you leave there only a few, just three or four pennies scattered around irregular, but pretty far apart, and on the other you leave in the hat a lot of pennies.

"Of course, the idea of the first plan is to make people when they see how little you've got want to chip in and help, and the idea of the other plan is to stir people up to generosity by showing them how generous others have been, and there's a heap to be said for that. There's lots of people that give because other people have given, because they like to go with the crowd.

"I've tried both plans, and had good days with a lean bait and bad days with a full bait in the hat, and then I've had good days with a full bait and bad days with a lean bait. All you can do is if one plan don't work well try the other; you never can tell."

Influence of the Press.

From the London Chronicle.

A child of seven, a confirmed lieabed, rose for three successive mornings at 7 sharp. His astonished mother, making up the little bed, found a scrap of paper under the pillow. "Death of a child from overlying." Being a wise mother, she carefully replaced the cutting, asked no explanations. Four weeks have passed, and each morning the little lad has bounded from his bed on the stroke of the hour. Another instance of the uplifting influence of the press.

Houston's Great Record.

From the Houston Post.

All but fifty-five of Houston's vacationing wives are at home and have filed their reports. And in the whole town but five canaries have starved to death, but three lawns have been captured by the grass, and only seven carpets were burned by cigar stumps that fell on the floor while the game was in progress. Every report says: "My husband has told me the full truth." Can that record be duplicated in this world?

DISPUTED GLORY.

Was Peary first to find the pole? To Cook shall that be granted? The wave of argument will roll until the two are planted; and each will make his little claim, and all his friends affirm it; now who deserves the wreath of fame? I'm glad it isn't Kermit. Both men have crossed the wastes of ice, both tell a rousing story; so, why not stand and shake the dice, to see whose is the glory? Why fuss and wrangle for a year, with voice like ancient bellman? The pole was found—that much is clear—but not by Walter Wellman. Let nothing harsh or rough be said; the garb of peace be donning! Chautauqua seasons are ahead, the lecture platform's yawning! Why deal in language rank and tough, and use such words as faker? The pole is found—that is enough—and not by Ray S. Baker. So, let's have peace, whate'er the cost, there is no sense in snarling; and if they scrap they'll meet a frost, though each may be a darling. Then, brave explorer, laugh and sing! Cut out the dismal spiel, man! The pole is found—that is the thing—and not by Jimmie Creelman!

WALT MASON.

AT THE HOTELS.

"The acceptance of Hearst of the nomination for the mayoralty of New York," said Herman Bender, a broker of New York, who is at the New Willard," and his denunciation of the Tammany and Republican candidates for that office, places him at once out of consideration with the two regular parties, unless a deal is perfected between either of these two organizations with the Hearst forces of which the public is kept in ignorance.

"Now the question arises, Are there enough independents or fusionists in New York to carry their ticket to a victory? In other words, has Tammany sinned to such an extent as to have disgusted enough of its adherents to desert the regular ticket and elect that of its outspoken enemy? And, again, have the Republicans of New York City transgressed against their own party followers to such an extent as to justify them to vote against their own candidates? If these an extent as to justify them to vote against their own candidates? If these two points are properly analyzed and set down, then it will be possible to state with some certainty whether or not Mr. Hearst may be considered as a dangerous factor in this fight.

"There is one thing about Tammany which cannot be denied by its most ardent enemies, and that is that it looks after the interests of those who have thrown their lot with that organization. By interests, I mean material and practical interests—questions of everyday life. Tammany goes into the homes and needs of its voters and gives aid where such is necessary, and thereby binds ties which are difficult to break by mere political pronunciamentos of the kind with which Hearst is expected to flood the city in a short while. Considering all things, Tammany has given the city of New York a fairly good administration. It is not an easy matter to do this, considering the tremendous and diversified interests of the municipality. I have an idea that Gaynor's chances for election are the better of the two tickets.

Theodore G. Hopkins, an American, making part of his residence in Chihuahua, Mexico, in speaking of President Diaz's meeting with President Taft, said last night at the Arlington that the Mexican President would arrive at Chihuahua October 13, and that a programme of entertainments had been prepared for him.

"While in Chihuahua," said Mr. Hopkins, "President Diaz will be the guest of Mr. Creel, former Ambassador to the United States, from whose residence he will review the various parades. There will be all sorts of celebrations and deputations of farmers, miners, union labor organizations, foreign clubs, federal employes, gun clubs, Masonic societies, merchants, stockmen, and other interests.

"Newspaper readers abroad," continued Mr. Hopkins, "should apply to the news from or about Mexico the same rule they have come to adopt on reading news from Spain or France. When the affairs of the Spanish people seemed recently very seriously disturbed, and when in addition to the war against the Riff tribesmen a serious tumult occurred in Barcelona, the first impression of the newspaper reader was the natural one that law and order had broken down completely in the peninsula. But in a few days it was seen that there was no cause for apprehension. The Spanish government proved itself master of the situation. And the same applies with regard to alarming news from France.

"The average man in any of the Latin-American countries, on reading the press telegrams from the United States, would imagine that railway accidents, lynchings, raidings by 'night riders,' and startling crimes were the normal happenings of the great northern republic. But the Mexican, Brazilian, or Cuban goes to the United States and finds that the cities are quietly prosperous; that the rural regions are populated by a busy and law-abiding folk, and that the dominant note of American life is one of humdrum activity.

"And also with Mexico," added Mr. Hopkins. "We who live in Mexico, or at least who know something about that country, know that the great mass of the people are pursuing the usual activities of any quiet community; that they give little heed to sensational politicians, and are very properly intent on working for the support of their families, and otherwise acting like normal people in a peaceful land. Mexico is a large country, and something of moment may happen in any part of it without causing anything more than passing comment in the rest of the nation. Broadly considered, Mexico is one of the most peaceful countries on the face of the earth, and President Diaz is the one man par excellence who has brought about this happy state of affairs. The Mexican people—I say people, not politicians; the masses—want Diaz to stay another term in the presidency; he is their idol."

"If it be fairly smooth of surface and of good size—not too large—and comparatively round, or, better, a little oblong, and comes to you at breakfastly perfectly baked, after thorough rinsing of its skin, accept it gratefully and handle it properly with a view to full enjoyment," said J. H. Lynch, the manager of a well-known hotel in Chicago, at the Raleigh yesterday, singing the praises of the baked potato.

"It exhales a commingling of the fragrance of its delicious interior with that of the lovely brown of its coating. It is very much of the earth earthy—this fragrant invitation to the breaking of the fast, this appeal to appetite, this humble but deliciously harmonizing intimate of the soil.

"Break it open delicately as nearly into halves as possible. The knife? Heavens, no. What has this most grateful production of a most beneficent nature ever done to you that you should turn such a weapon against it; that you should apply to its smiling skin and fair interior anything so deadening as steel? A fork may be used in guiding to the point of delighted realization, after due anticipation, and the hands have made the preparations complete. A gentle pressure of either hand and the two hemispheres raise their almost snowy whiteness to be discharged upon the hot plate. Or you may choose to eat it right out of the skin and partake of the latter as well; in that event your taste is good. If the butter be golden and sweet, and salt be chosen, then these two complete the preparation of this appetizing portion of a feast."

Telling stories being on the programme, Herbert S. Turner, of Indianapolis, Ind., who was seen at the National, told this one:

"A farmerish-looking man shared my seat on the train as I was traveling through Indiana, and after we had been talking for a couple of hours, a common-looking woman got on. I saw the man look very hard at her, and directly after she had taken a seat, he arose and said:

"'Excuse me, stranger, but I think I used to know that woman, and I'll go over and see her.'

"He was gone about an hour and I had forgotten all about him, when he returned to say:

"'Yes, I knew her. Durn my cats if it didn't turn out to be my first wife.'

"'What?'

"'Sure's you live. We was divorced 'leven years ago, and since then I've ben married twice and lost both women by death. I surely believe the hand of Providence is in it.'

"'For just what reason?'

"'Why I've got nine children that need a mother, and Hanner is willing to try it again and see if we can't get along better.'"